Shizumafu week 2023

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Shizumafu week 2023

by minaahye

Summary

a collection of three one shots for shizumafu week because my prompts were not prompting towards the end.

(maybe one day....)

Chapter 1: Day 1 - Apple

Chapter Notes

> Shizuku has always been surrounded by apples, from her days as an idol to the new dango that Shiho wanted to try. She has always been around them and so had Mafuyu. But apples aren't the only red thing that tastes so sweet.

Apple.

It was one of the first words in English Shizuku had learnt when she became an idol. Not that she had to learn much English to begin with, Cheerful*Days wasn't *that* successful, but it was more successful than others originally assumed.

In doing so, they were forced to become a group with an identity. A story so to speak and whilst they tried to seem dainty and angelic, they weren't able to rip stories from Genesis cleanly without forcing one another to do about Adam and Eve.

Shizuku hadn't been either of them, though she was the centre they made her and angel and she was forced to do adlibs. Though she was admired and adored and no one *hated* it, she herself had grown bored repeating 'Kiss, Kiss, Kiss.' She had forced herself in her boredom to admire Alisa and her lines, the way she sang so *clearly*. The way she got everything that Shizuku ever wanted. That she had the chorus, the strong and powerful bridge. She had everything that Shizuku could've dreamed off when they performed 'Apple.'

It was petty, probably, but Shizuku didn't mind. She wanted to stop herself, she did. She held her tongue and she watched with a smile, encouraging Alisa no matter the harsh words thrown her way before she was taken away, her hand dragged off to a modelling gig she didn't really want but was unable to deny.

And like a sick and twisted joke, she would have to pose with apples as she stood with other famous idols.

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Manzana.

That was how Honami called her signature scent when she entered a room as she spritzed the perfume on her before they began to clean up the school. Not that there was much to clean, they were fairly organised and respectful in Miyamasuzaka. There was nothing that was ever out of place, everyone had their role and they slotted into it perfectly as the school followed a pattern.

Patterns were nice and safe Shizuku had realised. When she failed to adhere to them, she wound up hurt. Her heart would bleed, and she would be broken with no one for anyone to comfort her.

When patterns were broken, she learnt too much.

Airi said it was her downfall, her empathy. The way she cared for everyone, that was her problem. She realised this as she cared for Asahina Mafuyu.

Asahina Mafuyu: honour student, perfect, attended regular schooling, with a glamourous and shining smile and record. Perfect attendance for as long as she breathed, though no one saw anything earlier than the age of six, her records were missing for the age of 3-5. Admittedly, with her brain, she may have been in schooling since she was two. No one knew for certain. All they knew was the fact that she was so much better than them, that she was so untouchable no matter how close people got to her, they were unable to reach their hand out when they wanted to.

Shizuku had been close once, it was during the spring. She wasn't busy that week which was surprising, she was usually so busy and working hard and to the bone. But this one day, she was just Hinomori Shizuku a first year. Airi had been busy, something about a new dating show they wanted her to be the MC of, so Shizuku was alone. Being alone meant little to her, she had to find somewhere to just go.

The library was an option, but no matter how many rich socalities attended the school. No matter how much money their parents had or how many times someone had dined with the Ootori's or the Aoyagi's, Shizuku was like a celebrity. Untouchable to all and yet no one at all.

They always crossed their boundaries with her, which admittedly were practically non-existent. She hadn't done the best job of establishing boundaries and let everyone break them as if they were talking about snapping a pocky treat. It was simple and over and done with and everyone wanted in on it. No one would let her breathe out a simple 'No,' when she was overwhelmed sometimes. But that was fine. It had to be.

She was an idol after all.

If she said anything rude, she was ruining her pact of being an idol. Like Airi told her, an idol must always give hope even if they have none. If people wanted to touch her hair for 'Good Luck.' They could do so. She was just doing her job.

But doing her job was draining. There was not a moment when she wasn't expected to smile, to laugh and to accept the cards life had handed her as she played her role perfectly.

The only time it fell was in the archery range, where she was right now. Where it was the only place to be herself and *free*.

Especially when there was no one around. Since she was in the credidential class to make it easier to continue her idol work, she had a more flexible schedule making it so Shizuku never had to do much. All she had to do was attend for the day, try to pay attention before she

zoned out and had Airi teach her the lesson's course. It was an easy life to some though Shizuku would take longer to graduate in order to get all the credits she needed.

That meant that she was often free to roam around the school, and she could attend lessons. But there was no point, not when there was a competition creeping up around the corner and Shizuku had no time to practice due to learning a new song and dance for an upcoming comeback.

"Hinomori-san," Mafuyu greeted, smiling over at her as she entered the area. Her blue hair tied up into a ponytail, though a few strands fell in front of her eyes. It was growing so long, she wanted to hack it off like Shiho did. Keeping it shorter was easier but did not fit the idol image she was meant to portray.

"Asahina-san, how are you?" Shizuku returned, flashing a kind smile her way. She was a little irritated but showing it would do her no good. She wasn't like Airi who could vent and voice her frustrations and get away Scott-free, becoming part of her presenter personality. No, Shizuku was a demure and dainty little thing who only spoke when spoken to. That was her role in their industry.

"I'm good, it's been a while Hinomori-san."

"It has," Shizuku returned in kind before taking her bow and arrow. "Did you want some privacy?"

"No, not at all. I was just finishing up," Mafuyu laughed hesitantly as she flattened her uniform. "You can take the whole room if you'd like. No one should be coming in today, unless it's me. No one wants the last-minute practice."

"I'm surprised you're having last minute practice, usually you're so prepared and ready. You know everything."

Mafuyu shook her head and looked to the floor, "I don't. I know as much as you do."

"You understand how to shoot though, as much as I try. It just doesn't work."

"You'll get the hang of it," Mafuyu insisted as she lingered a little. "Why don't I help you?"

"Help me? I couldn't possibly ask you to do that Asahina-san," Shizuku breathed out speedily. Moving a strand of hair and tucking it behind her ear. "Truthfully, I'll just learn the eight stages of shooting alone."

"You can't possibly do that. At least not before the competition."

"It's no problem, I mean. You haven't been here and the last time you were, you were applying too much pressure onto the bow and the arrow," Mafuyu pointed out. It seemed kind and it likely was if the way she still smiled and how *bright* and light her voice was was any indication. However, it seemed like she was saying what she thought she *ought* to say. Not what she wanted to say.

Shizuku blushed furiously and looked at the floor.

“Did I say something wrong? I don’t mean to offend-“

“No! No. You didn’t,” Shizuku denied. “Just, sometimes people don’t like to be reminded of their mistakes. Not that you shouldn’t remind people. You should but it’s more so the fact that… never mind.”

“No, no, tell me. Please,” Mafuyu implored, her voice seemed different. Desperate almost though it was covered and drowned in that sickeningly sweet voice that trapped you in it’s sugariness.

“Well, sometimes people don’t need to be reminded of mistakes. They remember them on their own, it’s not a bad thing to do but it doesn’t make someone feel good either. In fact, it can make someone feel worse. Like they are lesser since they have flaws even if perfection is such an unattainable word and attribute.”

“People always strive for it and don’t like being reminded they are nowhere near it,” Shizuku finished as she looked over at Mafuyu who was pensive over her words. Contemplating them carefully.

“Are you ‘people’?”

“Doesn’t everyone wish for it?” Shizuku countered before shaking her head. “I don’t wish for perfection. I just want to live up to expectations and do what I should. But I doubt I can considering everyone else can hit the target and I can’t even make the arrow fly or stay in the bow.”

“You never know unless you try, right?” Mafuyu smiled as she took Shizuku’s hand.

It was soft, it was a ghostly touch and Shizuku shivered. Her hands were so *cold*. It was like she had dunked them into a bowl of frigid cool water before taking them out and using them. They were also so *perfect*. Too perfect almost.

For how infrequently Shizuku did archery, she still had a few calluous’ and cuts and bruises forming. Her hands were rough and the furthest thing from soft, unable to run over something easily without it jumping away. Inanimate or not.

Mafuyu’s were perfect. There was not an inch of skin that was raised or that felt coarse, everything was flat and smooth. They were like how they always were, pristine and organised.

It reminded Shizuku a lot of her hair. The few messy strands that fell from her ponytail were there intentionally. Each time, her hair fell the exact same way. Her whole body was ordered and perfect.

And here she was, touching someone who was a goddess among them. Touching Mafuyu with her sinful hands, reaching up to grasp her and making sure her faint touch was real no matter how inappropriate or blasphemous it was as she smiled at Shizuku. She treated Shizuku like she was another admired, like she was human and just another one of Mafuyu’s

patrons. Someone who went on stupid pilgrimages and followed her wishes all because she was her goddess. The apple of her eye.

If Mafuyu was the moon, she was the ocean yearning to reach up to her. If Mafuyu were the Earth, she was the moon caught in her helpless orbit as she looked over at the fact that perfection could exist. It was in front of her. It was taking her by the hand and standing so close to her, her chest to Shizuku's back, her hands guiding Shizuku's own.

"There we go…"

Her voice seemed different now, more relaxed and less strained. It seemed geniniue as Mafuyu whispered into Shizuku's ear. Her hot breath fanning against the shell before she pulled away and coldness returned.

"Try shooting now."

Shizuku took a deep breathe, looked at the target (it was so far, she wasn't going to do it) and released the arrow. She closed her eyes once the arrow had left her fingers, it was all up to God and Mafuyu now. There was nothing she could do to stop anything at this point. She just had to pray that whatever higher power existed, that whatever magic Mafuyu had, could work out.

"You see! You did it!" Mafuyu exclaimed, forcing Shizuku to open her eyes a little. "Did you really close your eyes?"

"Maybe…" Shizuku admitted shyly.

"Hinomori-san…" Mafuyu mumbled disappointedly. "Dear me. Well. I can always do it again, but you need to watch this time. Four points is only a stepping stone for someone like you."

"Asahina-san… you're too kind."

"Kind? I'm just being honest. It's a fact."

"I think, maybe your fact is a false one this time…"

"It is," Mafuyu denied vehemently. She took Shizuku by the hand once more. The touch was strange. It was electrifying. Shizuku's heart was pounding, "Let's do this one more time. I'll guide you."

Shizuku nodded, pliant as always as she listened to the advice Mafuyu was offering. That she applied too much pressure on her right hand, she needed to relax it more. That she focused too hard on trying to get the perfect ten, she was too accurate in her spotting that she lost it as the arrow flew into the air. Propelled forward by her *need* to achieve the victory.

In her most clear dreams, in her most clear days, her mind turned hazy whenever she was around Honami. Manzana was the smell that always clouded Mafuyu.

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Pomme was in the dish Shizuku had when she first realised, she was gay. When she first realised she liked women and it wasn't a subconscious thing, something that she buried deep within her for fear of no longer being loved for not being perfect. Not that it changed her families opinion of her, they had accepted her readily once she had come out, her mother sighing in relief that she at least 'loved someone.' Whilst Shiho smiled softly, shyly and nodded her head. Acceptance.

Shizuku had realised it at the restaurant as she watched women enter and go and her stomach dropped. They were all too *breath taking* and Shizuku was just able to watch them all as she ate something that was in French, something she didn't understand save the fact that it was apple based much to her father's dismay.

That realisation of being gay led to her questioning her relationship from Airi which was from the standard friendship she believed it to be. In fact, she was harbouring a big crush on the younger girl. It was an overwhelming one, one that was like a present that was about to burst open from how much was condensed into the gift. Which was what love was, a gift though Shizuku cursed it out silently to herself.

It ruined her idea of perfection; it ruined her image to be in love with her best friend who never spared her another glance romantically. Airi never cared for love, she cherished things, she cherished her relationships but none of them could be nurtured and form the basis of what could be considered 'love.'

The closest thing was her relationship with Shizuku, her caring ways, her thin temper that snapped like it was a rope that was dangling over the edge of a cliff and Airi knew she couldn't get angry, but she still did. It was a love of some sort. But it was unrequited. It would never be reciprocated, and Shizuku could live with that she realised as she ate the dish containing pomme. She couldn't be upset over it, in fact, she had grown used to it.

She just had to accept that no one could love her.

And she liked pomme far too much.

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苹果

That was the flavour of the tea that Mafuyu offered her one day when it was only them. They had gotten closer over time, the two of them had formed a bond of sort's being first year students and now, now they were second years.

They weren't the closest, but they weren't not close. Especially when Shizuku needed advice for what to do with her group and Mafuyu wanted someone to speak to about books, trading the literature back and forth though they had similar tastes. Too similar admittedly that most of their books they had read before, but a reread with a new lens and annotations in Mafuyu's perfect scrawl were always useful.

It was interesting to delve into her mind Shizuku realised as she was curled up on the couch opposite Mafuyu in their library. Each one reading a new book.

They weren't meant to eat in the library, nor drink but the librarian trusted them enough and all Mafuyu had to do was flash a smile in her direction and promise that they would be careful. Which they were. For as much as she was an 'airhead,' Shizuku was an organised person who hated to make a mess with food. It looked unprofessional and strange. It was the end of her image.

Though, she was slowly beginning to realise that her image was something she could possess once more in MORE MORE JUMP. In fact, she got to promote being a big sister more often and her archery from time to time, showing videos of her tournaments. Sometimes, they got to do things that required precise aim and power for their videos too. Like that one time they had a nerf war because for some reason, Airi's sister's owned far too many nerf guns and so did Minori's brother. Children were strange Shizuku had to accept and she was glad for Shiho's reserved nature too when she saw how *rambunctious* you had to be to want to play with nerf.

That also led to another discovery.

Before, Shizuku would feel awfully, sickening jealousy twist in her gut as she watched Minori and Airi interact. The pink haired girl far more caring to Minori than she ever was to Shizuku. The two of them seeking comfort and whispering to one another quietly. Them dating didn't come as a shock, save the fact that Airi was involved because she always swore to not be in love.

That was a lie.

At first, it hurt and Shizuku expected it to hurt forever. But it didn't, a month later or so, she was fine and able to watch them without feeling jealous.

All because her admiration was pinned onto Mafuyu.

It was a gradual thing, it started off with the day Mafuyu gave her hope once Airi moved companies. It was a thing that humanised Mafuyu for a moment, and she stopped being a goddess that Shizuku wanted to worship but a person. As awful as it was, but seeing Mafuyu be helpful about something more *vulnerable* was a strange change.

Then the winter months came and time moved on. They had gotten closer little by little, saying 'Hello,' to one another and waving at one another and smiling at one another. They hung out after school sometimes. They spoke to one another and Mafuyu helped create strawberry and apple dango for Shizuku's moon viewing party.

The two of them were absolutely smothered in flour, Shizuku's parents were shocked when they arrived home to see Shizuku in the kitchen, spatula in hand and her blue hair dusted white from flour. Mafuyu was even more embarrassed than Shizuku was, turning a bright red and instantly apologising. The apologies overspilling from her lips constantly as she began to clean up furiously, her hands fisting the wet rag tightly as she moved it back and forth across the countertop.

Any other day, this was a normal occurrence for Leo/Need. Saki would get the idea; Honami would offer to do most of the work since she knew how to bake which would prompt Saki to get upset since she wanted to try it. She wanted to do it and learn something new which forced Shiho to feel guilty and join in whilst Ichika was a fan of the idea from the moment that Saki had even thought about it. It was a regular occurrence for the childhood friends to be smothered in eggs, flower, water and anything else they were using.

But Shizuku was too meticulous for that. She was too careful. Even when she was a child and a painter, she was far too careful with the blending of the paint and the ways she used the brushes. Not that she understood much, she just didn't like to be messy.

Neither did Shiho, but she accepted it easier than Shizuku ever could.

From that day on, there were weird interactions between Mafuyu and Shizuku. Little inside jokes that flustered Shizuku as Mafuyu attempted to tell them. Smaller conversations to be held and more humanising to be done.

It all culminated the day that it snowed heavily.

They were still first years.

They still needed to succeed and be perfect. The snow day was perfect for that, by that point, Shizuku had gotten to the school early. So had Mafuyu and they were alone on the archery grounds. Shizuku wanted to yell and happy, but Mafuyu was struggling. It was clear as day.

She couldn't hear Shizuku when she called out to her and all of her shots were in rapid succession. Each one aiming true, aiming for the centre of the target and even then, it looked like it wasn't enough.

Shizuku didn't have to think that, she just knew that but she didn't know how to react. She never did honestly.

So, she just listened to Mafuyu's mumbling. It was intrusive, but she had to be. Shizuku wanted to help her, to reach into her heart just once more and be there for her not even as someone to stay with for the rest of her life, but simply as a *friend*. Mafuyu had helped her, she wanted to do the same though her reasoning wasn't as great.

Though she wanted to do it more because she liked Mafuyu more.

And she needed to, no she wanted to-

“Hinomori-san?” Mafuyu called out in the library, it was only them and even then, her voice would’ve been drowned out by any other sound. Mafuyu took rules seriously and literally, there would be no chance of her accidentally breaking one. She made sure of that.

“AH!” Shizuku gasped causing the librarian to send her a sharp glare, her book clattering to the ground. The story of Rin was interesting, it was far from dull, but it simply wasn’t hooking enough for her in the moment as she reminisced about Maufyu. Her 苹果 drink having run out some time ago and her mind lost along with it.

“Are you feeling unwell Hinomori-san?” Mafuyu asked, concern across her face as she closed her own book. One of fairytales, a strange choice for someone who often read and recommended classics.

“N-n-no… I’m alright, I was a little… distracted…” Shizuku mumbled as she bent down to pick up the Poppy War. Flushing whenever Mafuyu made any kind of eye contact.

She was so *pathetic.*

“Ah, I see… Would you mind telling me what distracted you?”

“It’s nothing… a little trip down memory lane.”

Mafuyu hummed a little as she looked at Shizuku. She was doing that more often. Analysing the older girl for a moment before she returned to whatever she had to do. To whatever she *wanted* to do instead of categorising Shizuku in her head in such a hyper specific way.

She thumbed the edge of her book, “What’s so interesting about memory lane?”

Shizuku shrugged. “It just is something to reminisce. It’s nice to remember. Especially for me to remember how we wound up like this. Like friends.”

“We’re friends?”

“If you would consider us friends. Then yes, we’re friends,” Shizuku smiled though she felt a little pained at Mafuyu’s question.

“Good. I would like that much.”

“I do too.”

There was a silence, but it wasn’t *awkward* exactly but more that of understanding as Mafuyu looked at Shizuku again.

Shizuku, in turn, looked back at Mafuyu but her eyes centred on the girl’s lips across the way from her though she knew she shouldn’t. She just couldn’t help it.

“Would you like another drink?” Mafuyu offered, looking away first and taking a new carton out for herself.

“If you’re offering.”

Mafuyu laughed a little, and it sounded so *real*. “Of course I am. I do have manners.”

“A true gentlewoman,” Shizuku teased in kind before she took the drink graciously, smiling once more at Mafuyu.

She could live as friends.

-

リンゴ

Mafuyu loved them Shizuku realised, and so did she. The conversation in the library changed something and for a while, Mafuyu was distant. She looked very nervous around Shizuku though she kept the pleasantries alive, it was as if she was learning something else about herself as she learned about Shizuku. The two of them seeing part of themselves in the other.

The feeling was mutual admittedly/ But Shizuku didn’t try to psychoanalyse Mafuyu much, but she did realise that Mafuyu was struggling, if only a little.

She didn’t know what to say for her assumptions. So, she left them, she left them until she couldn’t anymore and the next time that they were alone. The words tumbled out.

All of them.

Including those of her hidden feelings, her dirty little secret that ruined her ideal of perfection.

They were under an umbrella, covered from the rain. Their hair was still perfect and so was their makeup, not that Mafuyu needed any Shizuku had to realise. But she wore it nonetheless.

They were just talking one moment and the next, Shizuku was rambling and the moment after that as she had to realise what she had done, Mafuyu had leant up to kiss her, the umbrella clattering on the floor.

It was too fast to say anything, but all that Shizuku could remember was that she tasted just like apples. That it was sweet too the kiss, though nerve wracking and passionate. It was powerful and everything she could’ve dreamed it to be and more.

She didn’t want to stop.

But they had to as their hair became coated in the white snow. Snow coating Mafuyu’s eyelashes, turning black as they picked up some of her mascara.

“I’m so sorry.” Mafuyu began, she seemed unnerved for once. Shocked she was capable of that.

“It’s fine,” Shizuku breathed out, keeping her distance. “I… shouldn’t have overwhelmed you.”

“I shouldn’t have kissed you. I don’t know what came over me.”

“It’s alright… I liked it.”

Mafuyu blinked as she picked up the umbrella. “You did?”

“Yeah… apples have always been my favourite thing and…”

Mafuyu cocked her head confused. Shizuku was making no sense but when a pretty girl kissed you and tasted like apples and-

She pressed a kiss to Shizuku’s cheek. She was bold for someone who would often stammer and flush under an interrogation. “You like them too? Because I like them a lot, they remind me of Snow White.”

“Do they?” Shizuku asked, interested as she had to duck to fit under the umbrella.

“Yes.”

“Tell me more about it then…”

“You know about Snow White though…”

“But I like listening to your voice.” *It’ll stop me from kissing you again.*

Mafuyu smiled a little. “Well, when I was younger-“

And the rest was history, even if they were unconventional and too alike. They made it work and Shizuku got to drown in apples constantly as they kissed one another, although it was rare and they still got awkward (nothing could remove that from them as they contemplated their decisions). They made it work and they were happy and, most of all, Shizuku learnt many different words for apples thanks to Mafuyu’s knowledge as they talked about everything under the sun as girlfriends? Best friends? People who liked to kiss? Romantic friends?

Whatever they were, Shizuku liked it in the archery range and in the library when it was only them and a tale ahead of them.

Chapter 2: Day 2 - Snow

Chapter Summary

> ‘Young love is pure - like snow when fallen new –‘ – Andrea Dietrich

> Mafuyu knew what snow was, she had always admired the cold formations of ice that was capable of so many things. That was capable of touching someone and making them feel something. That was capable of change.
>
> She envied it more when the perfect and unique flakes got to land on Shizuku’s lips. In her hair and she still smiled as bright as the sun. As perfect as ever and, unlike Mafuyu, it was true perfection.

Snow.

What more could Mafuyu say about the frozen water that coated all of Japan in the cold winter months? What more could she say about the cold thing that she was never allowed to touch for fear that she would burn her hands if she were unprepared? What more could she say about it other than the fact she needed to lug an umbrella around with her to protect her from it?

There was nothing more to say.

When the snow rolled in, she locked herself up tight and whilst she never felt the cold. Her body still reacted as if she were cold and she apparently got cold easily. Her teeth would chatter constantly, never stopping until she clenched them so tight she would need braces as an adult (how pathetic) or until she simply began to put herself into an open flame, forcing herself to warm up.

That was why she was in the empty library of her school.

The flames of the fireplace were dwindling, the warmth disappearing as she was left alone near the windows. Cold seeping in since they weren’t that good at insulation. But that wasn’t the only thing that made her feel cold. It was the lack of people around her. The silence.

She had gotten used to Mizuki and Ena’s constant rants and rambles, their squabbles down her headset as they worked together artistically. Better than anyone else could even think of, but still, they talked and talked. It was annoying at first. Back when it was just her and K, they worked in amicable silence and she didn’t have to speak much. She didn’t have to voice her ‘opinion’ even if it could be defined as that ever. Whatever it was, she didn’t have to speak much and there was the silent working of her synthesiser and K’s humming of a new,

distant melody. Amia and Enanan were too loud and needed to be loud to work, so she forced herself to get used to it since they understand K's dreams and their shared pain so well, it was a necessary sacrifice.

Then in archery and in school, everyone talked and talked. Friendship was necessary bonds they all made and she couldn't complain about it even if she didn't exactly have a friend of any degree. She had to get used to noise again.

Then there was herself. Her own little brain that would shake with lyrics or past memories. Whatever feelings she had, if she even had any, would make themselves known in her brain.

So the silence was strange and new.

She closed her eyes and sighed. English wasn't making any sense anymore. Not that it made much sense to begin with. But now it seemed like it wasn't even a plausible language and that Mafuyu was reading a fantasy novel that Ena had recommended on a whim one time.

She wasn't. She knew she was on Earth and it was one of the few things in regards to herself that Mafuyu could confirm.

She closed the textbook. There really was no point in trying to learn anything or do anything productive and whilst she was failing and admitting defeat. It was a better thing than to force something into her life.

She looked out the window and sighed wishfully. She wished she was out there with Ichika and Honami, the two of them playing in the snow with their other friends. She wished she was out there with Shizuku and Airi as they played with their other friends too. She wanted to be out there, but she had to study and study and thrive and thrive. A break would prevent her from doing all of those things. Each and everyone would be stopped in their tracks.

Shizuku smiled up at her as they made eye contact. It was fleeting, but the older girl did certainly smile at Mafuyu. That she was certain of.

Mafuyu returned it. It was polite and courteous to return it. But it was fake, it wasn't a real smile that someone could draw out of her. It was fake for a fact, but that was fine admittedly. No one could make Mafuyu feel something. No one could make her melt like snow in heat. She was always made to be frozen.

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How long had she stared out the window? She didn't know. It was certainly a long time since Ichika and her friends had disappeared. Leaving only Shizuku and her three other friends. Well, and Ootori had ventured out to join them among others across the whole school and there Mafuyu was. Locked up behind the windows and being unproductive, just watching on in something akin to envy but that wasn't exactly envy. It was more so a resigned acceptance of who she was.

She would have to leave soon. Cram school never stopped without good cause and that would have to be something like a tsunami, or maybe an earthquake. It wouldn't stop because of

some little snow no matter how much Mafuyu wanted to watch and venture into the white mess.

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Mafuyu reached the outside and her feet sunk into the floor. She was having to properly move her legs to avoid being swallowed up whole by the floor. It was soft and bone chilling; it made her body feel something as her teeth began to chatter rapidly.

Soon, soon she would be inside and warm again. Working herself on maths problems and being perfect. Until then, she would have to suffer a little. Not too much, but just enough.

For once, she was glad she killed her heart to a degree. She wasn't actually feeling this. Just the physical representations of what she should feel.

"Asahina!" Shizuku called out from ahead, she was further away from the path with rosy cheeks, a warm smile that forced her eyes closed, her lashes fluttering softly.

She dropped the snow ball she was holding and raced forward and over to the path upon realising that Mafuyu was not meeting her halfway. That now that she had reached the path, now that she had reached territory she knew and was comfortable with, that she would not venture into the unknown. She liked the safety and comfort this provided her. She liked the fact that she knew what to expect even if dealing with Shizuku in this setting was new and thrilling to a degree.

Mafuyu could feel her heart race, if only a little.

"Are you not going to join us in the snow?" Shizuku asked, tipping her head to the side looking at Mafuyu under the black umbrella.

"I wouldn't want to impose…"

"It's fine! Airi wouldn't mind it! You do know Airi, right?"

"Momoi?"

"Yes! See! You'll fit right in and- gah!" Shizuku exclaimed as she fell in the snow. A cloud of white engulfing Mafuyu and her dark uniform.

Mafuyu's eyes widened as she looked at the ground, still holding her umbrella close to her head. She ought to drop it and reach her hands out to Shizuku, to yank her up and out of the cold. But she was frozen just staring as the girl sat up. Snow all in her blue hair and snow attaching itself to her lashes and lips.

"Hinomori? Are you okay?" Mafuyu asked hesitantly, dropping the umbrella and opening herself up to the outside world as she bent down to offer Shizuku a hand. Shizuku's hand was coarser than she expected considering they both did archery and Mafuyu's had not come out with as many blemishes that stained Shizuku's hand.

“Ah, I’m okay,” Shizuku laughed but her face was an even deeper red then before. Like she was embarrassed about the whole thing.

“Are you sure? You took quite a fall,” Mafuyu continued, still holding Shizuku’s hand lightly and softly.

“It’s snow, it doesn’t hurt. Ice however…”

“Have you fallen on ice before?”

“Oh, multiple times. Airi’s banned me from ice-skating,” Shizuku smiled sheepishly. “Ah! Your hair, its covered in snow!” She fussed brushing the snow from Mafuyu’s hair and the younger girl blinked profusely.

“There!” She smiled happily once she brushed the snow from Mafuyu’s hair and shoulders.

“Thank you…” Mafuyu murmured as she looked at their connected hands. The cold was hurting her fingers a lot but that was fine. She could stay just like this. “Here, there’s some snow on your cheeks.” Mafuyu added, removing their hands from one another and, to be frank, she missed the contact before taking out a handkerchief.

She hoped she was gentle in her touch, she felt like it was. But Mafuyu had no knowledge of her strength in actuality. She was just whatever kind of handed she was.

“Thank you…” Shizuku mumbled in kind once Maufyu pulled away. “Hey, are you going anywhere?”

“I was thinking of heading home before cram school.”

“Oh.”

“Oh?”

“I just wanted to ask if you’d stay with me for a little. But, ah, you aren’t ready for the snow are you. Never mind. Good luck at cram school though,” Shizuku smiled earnestly.

Mafuyu returned it and the silence has never had a prettier sound. “Thank you.”

“I should let you go.”

“You should, but… if it’s still snowing tomorrow, which I think it will. Do you think we could spend it out in the snow?”

Shizuku blinked. She was genuinely taken aback. Had Mafuyu said something wrong? Had she ruined the silence?

“Really?”

“Yes.”

Shizuku smiled, it was blinding. “Then yes! It’s a date!”

“A date?”

“I mean you know friendly kind of dates. My sister goes on them all the time,” Shizuku continued, moving around awkwardly on the balls of her feet.

Mafuyu hummed and laughed once more. “It’s a date then.”

“Ye-yeah?”

“Yes,” Mafuyu reconfirmed as Shizuku began to bounce up and down.

“I’ll see you tomorrow then, Asahina.”

“Right. I will see you too,” Mafuyu returned and it was a genuine excitement as she watched the girl tumble ahead. Racing over to Momoi and her friends, towering over them but grinning so brightly that she was truly the only person Mafuyu saw.

She waved shyly at her and Mafuyu returned the favour before she headed home.

She had forgotten all about her English save one little phrase that Mizuki liked to use to boast that they were ‘smarter’ than Ena.

She was utterly smitten with Shizuk

Chapter 3: Day 3 - Music

Chapter Summary

The summer festival was nice and all. Ena's little brother was a good performer Shizuku believed. But soon, as the moon began to rise, everyone left. It was only her and Mafuyu left listening to the music as the silence grew so loud.

Also known as; shizumafu pining as they watch the summer festival.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shizuku hadn't meant to come and watch and attend the summer festival. It just happened since she and Airi were nearby, and everyone was wearing yukatas. What was the saying, curiosity killed the cat? She supposed it got the best of her as they moved through the stalls. Reminiscing along the way and, for as much as they knew about one another, they did know very little in reality.

Whilst they spoke often and a lot. There were some memories they had repressed and forgotten about. Like how she used to visit shrines with her mother and Shiho. Or any memories that Airi had of her siblings.

There was also a loneliness with those memories too admittedly.

Shiho was always so independent and determined. She was always so dependable and headstrong. She ought to have been the older sibling many people said when they looked at Shiho and herself. They could never see how Shizuku was the older sibling and, most of all, how she was still alive. It was a miracle many people proclaimed and professed considering that Shizuku got lost so easily.

So, she was always alone.

She hoped it would be different this time. Even Airi had scolded her upon her confession earlier on when they were looking for gifts for everyone else in their lives.

And still, Shizuku was alone. She was close by and still *in* the festival since she could still hear the music. It was all different and unique from what she was used to. Shiho played rock music for her band and Shizuku was used to idol tunes. The songs from Ena's little brother and the other artists were different. Palatable but different.

Shizuku began to try and retrace her steps. Had she seen this stall before? Or was she imagining it? That person looked familiar, but everyone blended into one another with the bright lights and masks and yukatas and-

She was too distracted and walked into someone. Shit. She wasn't meant to do that. "Ah! I'm so sorry!"

"Hinomori?" The person asked and Shizuku sighed in relief. If only a little, upon realising it was Mafuyu.

"Asahina! Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't see you there," Shizuku laughed sheepishly and it was true. Mafuyu wasn't the tallest person around admittedly.

"It's alright. What are you doing here?" She smiled. Conversation was always polite and rigid between them.

"Ah, I was with Airi and we just wound up here unplanned. Hence why I'm a little under dressed." Mafuyu looked her up and down and nodded. "How about you?"

"Ah, my friend invited us out since they had artists a couple of our other friends were excited for."

"Oh really? Have they performed yet?"

"No. I just… I need to get home before curfew so mother is picking me up," Mafuyu admitted as they stood by the exit. "I just… don't want to leave yet."

"I get that," Shizuku laughed a little.

"How about you? Why are you so close to the exit?"

"It's embarrassing…"

"It can't possibly be embarrassing."

"I got lost?" Shizuku admitted, but she made it sound like a question to seem not as bad as it was. Though Mafuyu's horrified face told her all that she needed to know and that it was, in fact, bad.

"Hinomori, this place isn't that large," Mafuyu breathed out. She sounded truly scandalised and bewildered, like she never expected this from Shizuku before. Which was strange considering Shizuku was always clumsy and airheaded, especially around *Mafuyu.*

"I was never the best navigator… but, I wonder if I was meant to join you in your wait."

Mafuyu looked at her as if she was crazy and maybe she was. She had no clue what provoked that response from her. But, something, somewhere inside of her forced that word out as she looked over at Mafuyu who was so bored. Who kept staring at the moon up above, having the white light gaze down upon her.

"That sounds weird, doesn't it?"

Mafuyu offered no response before she moved over and let Shizuku rest along the wall with her. She began to tap her foot as the music echoed from the stage. She didn't know the song,

but she knew the rhythm and the beat. That had to count for something.

“Do you like this song?” Mafuyu asked, turning to her as she held onto the sleeves of her top.

Shizuku shook her head. “It’s got a nice and easy to follow beat though.”

“I forgot you were an idol.”

“You forgot something?”

“I’ve had a lot on my mind,” Mafuyu shrugged. “Tell me, as an idol, if you had to perform this song, how would you do it?”

“Are you interested?”

“Just making conversation.”

“Well, I suppose I would do more floor work and hand gestures,” Shizuku hummed.

“Like?”

“You want me to demonstrate?”

“I don’t know much about dance,” Mafuyu shrugged.

“I’m not the best dancer. You should’ve asked Airi to do it. I’ll embarrass myself.”

“Neither am I.”

“You’re just saying that. I mean, you’re perfect. You can do whatever you want to do and do it flawlessly. It’s amazing,” Shizuku said mournfully. If it were any earlier, she may have been envious, but now she was resigned. She had accepted she wasn’t the perfect idol everyone wanted her to be. But there would always be that longing to fulfil everyone’s expectations.

“I wouldn’t say it’s amazing. It’s burdensome.”

“Do you want me to help you carry some of that?”

Mafuyu shook her head. “I’d rather you not.”

There was a pause. An awkward silence as a new artist came on stage and Shizuku knew this artist. She hummed the song under her breathe, she had already made their whole conversation tense and awkward. She didn’t want to continue it she supposed.

“This night kind of feels like it will go on forever, But like a dream... replay,” she sung softly. She was nothing like Yukika who sounded better than ever and Shizuku wanted to watch her. However, most of all, she wanted to stay with Mafuyu like this. The girl closing her eyes to listen to the world around her, at peace or so Shizuku assumed.

“You have a pretty voice.”

Shizuku stopped in her singing and laughed a little. Staring at her feet. “Thank you… I apologise for singing. Ah, you probably wanted quiet.”

“Silence is too loud. My friends they never work in silence and, yes, it is a little irritating. I can’t live without silence, everything is amplified.”

“They sound interesting. Do I know them?”

“They aren’t from our school, so I doubt it,” Mafuyu explained, waving her hand.

“How did you become friends, if you don’t mind me asking.”

“Music funnily enough,” Mafuyu explained. “It’s strange how music brings so many people together. That it transcends language and reaches places I didn’t know existed.”

“Like countries or feelings?”

“Both.”

“I suppose you’re right. Music is like a universal language and it makes me happy to be an idol that promotes that.”

“You’re a good idol. You always give hope.”

“You’d be a good one too. A great one. You gave me hope all those years ago with Airi.”

“I did? I just said what I thought I should.”

“You said what I needed to hear,” Shizuku admitted shyly.

Yukika had started off another song. Tokyo lights. God, how Shizuku adored this song.
“You’re pretty, did you know that?” Mafuyu began abruptly.

Shizuku laughed awkwardly. “Thank you. You’re pretty too.”

There was nothing either one of them could say as they waited with bated breath for Mafuyu’s mother to arrive, whenever she did, to end their silence and their stares.

“Mafuyu…” Shizuku continued, dropping the formalities was strange. It was unentered territory. “Do you want to see us in concert one day? Like my group since you seem interested in dance and time’s running out.”

Mafuyu moved her head side to side, like she was tossing the words around. “It is, isn’t it?”

A car horn sounds and Mafuyu looks out the gate. The smile that Shizuku could swear was there had faded and now a fake one in it’s place as she waved a little to the car and turned to face the blue haired girl apologetically. “I should go.”

“You should, but can I have an answer?” Shizuku asked, stopping Mafuyu as she tried to leave.

Mafuyu looked her up and down and tapped her foor rhythmically. “I’ll think about it. I don’t know if I’ll like your music.”

And that was better than a no.

“Then you can try it in a concert form!” Shizuku grinned before letting Mafuyu go and she loathed to do that. “I’ll see you at archery, right?”

“Yes! Good night Hi- Shizuku.”

“Good night… Mafuyu…”

Chapter End Notes

so, that has been the end to isabel's shizumafu week. however i really loved the prompts for the other days so i think i'm going to write them one day, not attached to shizumafu week but just an isabel writing.

i hope you have all loved shizumafu week, let's continue to do this each year! i'll help, i swear. have a good morning, day, evening, afternoon or night

xoxo

isabel

(p.s. here's my prompts adn the likes for the other days.

Day 4 - Sun and moon, 'It was a shame Mafuyu thought as she listened to Mizuki talk about some story they created. It was a shame how they talked on and on about the celestial representations and how the sun loved the moon and punished them all the same. It was a shame how the sun could never love the moon. It was a shame how Shizuku could never love Mafuyu.'

Day 5 - First meeting, 'Mafuyu thought she knew everything about the world and how it should be. She knew the sky was blue because it was, grass was green, the sun was yellow and blinding and famous idol Hinomori Shizuku was that. A famous idol who would never interact with Mafuyu in day-to-day life even if she really would like her to and had been the reason for her sexual awakening. That was simply impossible. Especially when in the café near her cram school, there was a cute girl with a white mask, black bucket hat that made her heart skip a beat. The one where Mafuyu fell first, but Shizuku fell harder.'

Day 6 - Au, '‘I will find you. I will always find you.’ A once upon a time au.'

Day 7 - Free Day, 'Saying ‘Asahina Mafuyu’ without directly following it up with ‘Hinomori Shizuku.’ Was strange to say in Miyamasuzaka. They were simply a duo and

you had to say their names in quick succession, that was simply it. They also said that ‘distance made the heart grow fonder.’ Which wasn’t a lie, in some cases at least, but certainly wasn’t true for either one of them as they sat together in a library, the sky darkening through the window and had to figure out who they were. Together and as individuals.')

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